

Just Like This - Prom of 59' by Lowkeyenvy

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Summary:

Inspired by David Harbour's tweets: "Hawkins class of '60. She and Lonnie went to Prom winter of '59 and Hopper sat outside in his steel blue GTO smoking' camels." And "Joyce and I never slow danced. Lucille by Little Richard. On the dance floor we tore it up. We'd go somewhere else to do things slow."

Over 8,000 words of my take on the events that led up to why Joyce went to prom with Lonnie, along with the after effects, including Joyce and Hopper taking things slow. Pre-series fic. NSFW.

Just Like This - Prom of 59'

Author's Note:

This one shot is based loosely on David's tweets and does not follow exactly how he envisioned it, but I think it gets pretty close.

Hawkins 1959

"C'mon Hopper, if I'm late for Homeroom one more time, Cooper will write me a Saturday detention," Benny complained from the passenger seat of Jim's Oldsmobile.

"It's Homeroom Benny," Jim responded, "it's not even considered a class. Cooper's being a hardass and you know it."

Benny glared at him, "I don't care if he's being a hardass or not, if I get Saturday detention because you want to spy on your girlfriend—"

Jim held up a hand and Benny instantly quieted. "There's Karen's car." He tipped his head in the direction across the parking lot as a light blue Thunderbird pulled in.

Slowly, he slid his oversized aviators down his nose so he could peer overtop of them. He placed both of his hands on the steering wheel and leaned forward, squinting as he tried to get a better line of vision. As bad as it sounded, he wished he had a pair of binoculars in the car. He heaved a sigh, "Where are they?"

The car was parked, but no one had emerged just yet.

Jim blinked, internally speculating how this morning was about to go. He was either going to see Joyce emerge from the passenger side of that Thunderbird with Karen and all would be well. Or this morning was about to turn upside down if she didn't. He reached in his pocket for his pack of Camels. Without averting his heavy gaze, he lit the tip of a cigarette and inhaled deeply. If this morning was going to go sour, he might as well prepare for it.

As if reading his mind, Benny asked, "Do you really think this is a

good idea? Homeroom starts in six minutes Hopper. Six. Minutes.”

Jim ignored his question and simply inquired, “Do you really wanna miss witnessing me knock Byers’ teeth in if she doesn’t get out of that car?”

Benny chuckled. “Trust me, everyone would want to witness that. But aren’t you and Joyce over now? I thought you guys broke up last weekend.” He was treading lightly. “Look Hop, it’s been almost a week now. She didn’t even show up to the drive-in last night and it was half off Wednesday!”

Jim shook his head obstinately, pressing his fingertips into the steering wheel. He was gripping it so tightly that it left his knuckles a shade of ghost white. If he pressed any harder he was sure he’d leave indentations. “We did not break up. It was just a fight.”

Benny frowned. “You haven’t spoken to her since. We’ve all heard the rumors Hop... sounds like Byers couldn’t wait to swoop in and snatch her up.”

Jim grimaced. He focused back in on Karen’s car, watching intently as he tried to keep his temper under control. Byers hadn’t shown yet either. If Joyce didn’t get out of Karen’s car, then there was a very likely chance that she would get out of Lonnie’s. If that happened... well he meant what he said. He’d knock Byers’ teeth in.

The driver’s side door to the blue Thunderbird finally opened. Jim watched as Karen stepped out into the parking lot. She threw her bag over one shoulder before pushing the door shut. Jim found himself holding his breath as his eyes narrowed in on the passenger’s side. “C’mon,” he whispered. Karen smoothed out her sweater dress before heading towards the high school. She was officially alone.

“Son of a bitch!” Jim hit the steering wheel with such force that Benny flinched.

“Hop, I know you’re pissed, but I have to be in Homeroom in two minutes.” Benny threw open the passenger door. Before getting out, he placed a hand on Jim’s shoulder. “I’ll catch up with you after third period.” He got out of the car and leaned down, one hand on the car’s

top while the other rested on the door. "Try not to kill him." He said before shutting the door and heading towards the school.

Jim brushed Benny's comment off. There would be no trying of anything. He was going to sit in that car until he got eyes on Byers. Then he was going to drag him out of his own car and beat the shit out of him. Something he'd wanted to do for months now. Ever since he entered the picture, he and Joyce fought often, which wasn't out of the norm to begin with. But it was a lot more often so to speak, since Lonnie decided to act on the thing he had for Joyce.

He slumped back in his seat as the school bell rang signaling that Homeroom was starting. He reached in his jacket once more to pull out his pack of cigarettes. He figured he was going to be here a while. God only knows what Joyce and Lonnie were up to. He wondered if they skipped together. The thought made his blood boil with rage that was threatening to overflow. After flicking his lighter on and lighting the end of his cigarette, he tossed the lighter onto the dashboard.

Staring straight ahead, he kept his eyes on the entrance to the student parking lot.

It wasn't until he heard the sound of heels click-clacking on the pavement behind his car that he peeled his eyes away. His gaze flickered up to the rear view mirror.

His view was blocked by a small petite figure. She was wearing an oversized grey sweater with a pair of light wash jeans. Her arms were crossed against her chest. Even though the mirror cut off the upper area of her body, Jim knew exactly who it was. Especially since he looked up just in time to catch a glimpse of a black Buick speeding out of the back lot, which undoubtedly belonged to her father. He felt like a jackass.

Huffing out a deep breath, he pulled on his door handle and nudged the door open with his foot.

Before he could get out however, she had strode over and slammed the door shut once more. He was barely able to pull his foot away from being squashed, but it did still end up pinching his pinky toe.

“OW! What the fuck, Joyce!”

He hurled the door open this time, swinging it with such force that she had to dodge out of the way to avoid being knocked over by it.

“Were you trying to spy on me?!”

“No,” he lied, through gritted teeth. “I just pulled up.”

Joyce crossed her arms across her chest once more and tilted her head to the side to glare at him. “Oh really? Then why isn’t Benny with you? I know you picked him up this morning. The bell rang three minutes ago and I also know he had to be in Homeroom this morning or he’d get Saturday detention.”

Jim cursed under his breath. He really wasn’t helping his case. “Yeah well, maybe I wasn’t spying on you at all, maybe I was waiting for Chrissy Carpenter so we could skip.” He didn’t mean it. He just wanted to hurt her and make her feel the way he had only minutes ago when he thought she’d show up with Lonnie.

“I’m sure you were,” she muttered.

He glanced down at her and looked at her, truly looked at her, for the first time that morning. She was really, really beautiful, he thought angrily. Her dark brown hair that reached her shoulders was messy, but not in a bad way. Her oversized sweater clung to her skin along with her light wash jeans. She had a pair of black leather combat boots on that laced up in the front, with just enough heel to allow her to reach his shoulders, rather than his chest on most days. Her cheeks were a light shade of pink and her forehead was covered by two wavy strands from where her bangs had fallen loosely.

The most beautiful woman in the world was standing before him and he hated her for it. He hated how beautiful she was to not just him, but everyone else. He was selfish. He didn’t want anyone else to relish in her beauty or realize how wonderful she was. He wanted her to himself. It was her fault Lonnie was coming between them. If she wasn’t so beautiful then maybe Lonnie wouldn’t have paid her any mind.

His mind flashed back to what she initially had muttered under her breath. His eyebrows pulled together in confusion, “What is that supposed to mean?”

Joyce snorted. “Seriously Hop? Do you not remember why we broke up in the first place? Aside from your arrogance, your obsessiveness, and your ability to ruin everything!”

“It was a fight! Since when did we break up?!” He asked, incredulously.

She rolled her eyes, “Oh I don’t know, maybe when I said; I’M BREAKING UP WITH YOU!”

“For what?!” He yelled.

“You are unbelievable Jim Hopper!” She yelled, scowling at him. “You cheated on me with Chrissy Carpenter!”

“NO I DIDN’T!”

“YES YOU DID! I SAW YOU!”

Jim’s blood was positively boiling at this point. He merely leaned back against the Oldsmobile and asked mockingly, “If that’s the case then who’s really spying on who Joyce?”

“I wasn’t,” she said, more calmly this time, however her voice had become grave, “I was invited to Earl’s party too so anything I saw there is not considered spying.”

He shrugged, “Fine, but this is school property so if I want to sit in my car and observe my surroundings then that’s not considered spying either.”

“Fine,” she said gently, her voice soft.

“Fine.” He retorted.

Joyce hugged her arms to her chest. She was so angry with him, but the energy to fight was draining her dry. Her eyes were rimmed with a deep purple shade from dark circles. She hadn’t had a full night’s

sleep since her and Hopper broke up. Nervously, she began switching her balance from one foot to the other as she stared down at the pavement. She could feel his gaze scrutinizing her. She sucked in a deep breath, knowing that what she was about to say was going to send him flying off the handle once more. “I’m not going to prom with you.”

Jim tossed a cigarette butt off to the side.

“I’m going with Lonnie.”

“What?” he said disbelievingly. He resisted the urge snap at her, trying his absolute best to maintain a calm demeanor. Maybe he had heard her wrong.

“You heard me.” She replied, her tone was stern.

The silence that followed between them was deafening. He and Joyce fought all the time. All the time. They’d been together for two years now and they argued at least every other day but it had never come to this.

Jim’s voice was monotonous, “I’m going to kill him.” He pushed past her, nudging her shoulder and making her stumble sideways.

Joyce’s eyes widened and she hurried after him. “Hop, wait—no!” She matched his quick pace, breathing heavily next to him. “Stop!” She reached out for his arm, but he shook her off. “JIM! STOP!”

He rounded on her instantly, making her already tiny frame, shrink even further into herself. His usual crystal blue eyes were now clouded grey with rage. She’d never seen them this dark before. The grey amidst the blue looked like rocks against the shore that destroyed ships. They were torturous and above all... dangerous.

“You did this, not me,” she said breathlessly, her annoyance with him sounding diluted.

He placed his hands on his chest, mimicking a ‘me’ motion. “I did this? You broke up with me Joyce! For no goddamn reason other than—”

“Because you kissed Chrissy!” She interjected defensively, not allowing him to finish.

“SHE KISSED ME!”

“I SAW HER ON YOUR LAP!”

Jim threw his arms over his head in frustration. He pointed a finger at her, nearly jabbing her shoulder. “I’m going to tell you one last time Joyce. I did not kiss Chrissy. We were at Earl’s party, there were some drinks involved--not on my part. Chrissy was drunk out of her mind. You know she’s always been sweet on me. I’m assuming she took you not being there and her newfound confidence through alcohol to climb on my lap and kiss me. I. DID. NOT. KISS. HER. BACK. I pushed her off of me! But I guess you didn’t stick around long enough to see that.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Why not? Because your new boyfriend told you a different story?” He paused, shaking his head with a slight chuckle. “Yeah that mother-fucking asshole probably couldn’t wait to tell you that made up bullshit.”

Joyce cringed at his choice of word usage.

He slowly leaned forward invading her personal space. Their noses were merely inches apart when she felt his hot breath against her face, “Enjoy your prom Joyce.”

Pushing past her, he left her standing there with a frown on her face. She could feel her eyes watering, blurring her vision as she looked over her shoulder to watch him walk away. It wasn’t until he reached the school’s main doors and was out of sight that she allowed the tears to spill over.

(XxXxXxXxXxX)

Joyce sighed and buried her face into a pillow. “Oh my God, Karen. How am I going to get through tonight?”

“What?” Karen replied hoarsely, “Your voice is muffled.”

Joyce picked her head up and gazed bleakly at her. “What if Hopper shows up? What if he and Lonnie see each other? What if tonight is disastrous? I mean, this is my life we’re talking about.”

Karen shrugged. “That’s too many what ifs.”

Joyce rolled over so that her back was lying on Karen’s bed. She stared up at the ceiling as she waited for her best friend to finish getting ready. The Winter Prom was tonight and she was dreading it. It’d been two days since her latest fight with Hopper. She hadn’t heard from him and she made no attempt to contact him herself either, at first. However, yesterday she did go outside between fifth and sixth period to their usual spot for smoking, but he wasn’t there. The thought of how empty she felt when she went under the steps to find him not there was agonizing.

“Almost done,” Karen chirped from the corner of the room. She was curling the last few strands of her hair. She looked at Joyce in the mirror. “Are you sure that’s what you want to wear?”

Joyce lifted her head up so that she could glare at her. “Yes, I’m sure.”

Karen yawned. “I’m just asking, okay? This is our junior winter prom! Your dress isn’t exactly...”

“What’s wrong with my dress?!”

“Nothing! I thought you’d want to have a dress that’s more prom-like that’s all.”

Joyce looked down at her dress. She was wearing a short, long sleeved, skater black dress that was tight around her chest and waist area, but flowed out at her hips. She had on a pair of black tights to match along with black heels. She also had a black leather jacket that she planned to wear overtop. Sure it was simple, but it was her. She’d never been into the fancy outfits that Karen always wore. In fact, she got this dress on sale and used at the local community aid store.

“Do you at least want to put some make-up on before we leave? I have red lipstick.” Karen held up a black tube and dangled it between

her fingers.

“No.”

Karen shrugged her shoulders, “Suit yourself.” She fluffed her curls up with her hands and stood from her vanity. Her pale pink dress was over the top. It had ruffles and flowed effortless as she did a few twirls in front of the mirror. She stopped suddenly and turned around slowly to face Joyce.

Joyce spotted her uneasiness right away. “Karen. What is it?”

Karen gave a nervous sort of laugh. “It’s nothing, really Joyce. I just... I didn’t want to tell you because I didn’t want you to be upset.”

Joyce arched an eyebrow. “Didn’t want me to get upset about what?”

“Promise that you won’t get mad at me!” She paused, waiting for Joyce to promise. When she stayed silent, staring at her intently, Karen continued, “I thought it’d be better to just let you see for yourself but now that I’m thinking about it, I think it’d be better if you could prepare yourself.”

Joyce sat up fully on the bed and was leaning so far forward that if she moved any further, even by just an inch, she would fall off the bed. “Prepare. Myself. For. What.”

“Hopper asked Chrissy Carpenter to prom and she said yes!” She blurted out suddenly.

Joyce’s eyes widened.

“They’ll be there tonight, together.” Karen finished softly.

Of course. That was just the icing on the cake to this week for Joyce. She wasn’t sure if she was hurt or angry. Or both. Hopper swore up and down that he didn’t cheat on her with Chrissy and that she was the one who kissed him. That it meant nothing to him and he had pushed her off of him. But here he was asking her to prom. She scowled. She knew he was only doing this to get back at her for going with Lonnie.

Seeing her change in demeanor, Karen eyed Joyce critically, “Look Joyce, like I said, I didn’t want to tell you because I didn’t want you to be upset. But I also didn’t know if I should tell you because I wasn’t sure you’d even care. You’re the one who broke up with Hop. I thought it was pretty clear that you chose Lonnie over him.”

Joyce shook her head obstinately, digging her fingernails into the bedsheets. “I didn’t choose Lonnie over Hopper! I was mad at him because I thought he cheated on me with Chrissy! So I started hanging out with Lonnie more to make him jealous.”

“But I thought you like Lonnie now?” Karen questioned.

“I do!”

“But you still love Hopper?”

“Yes,” Joyce responded, sounding faintly annoyed. She really did like Lonnie. He had a crush on her since middle school. He was sweet, nice, and funny. They got along so well and she actually grew to like him since they started spending more time together. But he wasn’t Hopper.

Karen flipped her hair over her shoulder. She moved to stand in front of Joyce and placed her hands firmly on her hips. She held one hand up so that it hovered just in front of Joyce’s face. She was holding the tube of red lipstick. Smirking, she raised her eyebrows and whispered, “Then let’s go get your man.”

(XxXxXxXxXxX)

Prom wasn’t as horrible or disastrous as Joyce imagined it would be. And although her dress and makeup wasn’t as extravagant as the other girls, she felt beautiful. The cruella red lipstick on her lips popped against her all black outfit and pale features. She would never admit it, but she was glad Karen talked her into wearing it.

Her and Lonnie had spent about forty minutes on the dance floor tearing it up with a group of friends. She was thoroughly enjoying herself, but the thought of Hopper in the back of her mind kept her on edge. She found herself looking towards the gymnasium doors

every five minutes or so to see if he'd show with Chrissy.

"Joyce?" Lonnie's loud voice rang in her ears as he tried to be heard over the music, and pull her from her thoughts.

She turned to face him, "Yeah?"

"What's going on, are you okay? You keep looking at the doors like you're going to make a run for it."

Joyce laughed, "No, no, I'm fine! I'm going to go to the restroom, I'll be right back!"

She hurried out of the gymnasium and slipped through a side door into one of the school hallways. She didn't even really have to use the restroom, she just needed to get out of there. She was practically suffocating from everyone's warm bodies surrounding her, and her mind wondering in different directions with more thoughts of 'what if.'

Still, she found her way to the restroom and thankfully it was empty. She stared at herself in the mirror for a few moments, her eyes narrowing in on every blemish. Shaking her head, she sighed and moved to leave, but she heard voices on the other side of the door.

Quickly, she went into a stall and locked it just as a group of girls entered the room.

"Chrissy you're forty-five minutes late! What took you so long to get here?!" A voice asked, echoing off the walls.

Joyce cursed under breath. Of course it was Chrissy and her friends.

"She was probably getting down to business in the back of Hopper's car!" Another voice chimed in.

"Girls!" Chrissy's voice interrupted, scolding them. "Jimmy and I were late because he was late picking me up. He said he stopped to get me flowers."

Joyce rolled her eyes. She hated hearing her call him "Jimmy." It made her want to gag.

“Awe! He got you flowers! How sweet!”

“How sweet,” Joyce mocked in a whisper.

“That’s not all he got me,” Chrissy beamed. “He said that after the dance we could get a room down the street.”

The girls all let out a resounding gasp. They immediately started giggling and whispering but Joyce was too stunned to hear what they were saying. Her vision was blurring and she had to put her hand on one of the walls of the stall to steady herself.

“What about Joyce?” Someone asked.

This brought Joyce back to reality. She held her breath as she waited for someone else to speak.

“What about her?” Chrissy’s tone was ice cold.

“Yeah what about her?” Another girl followed.

“Jimmy dumped her last weekend,” Chrissy said matter-of-factly. “Besides, after tonight, after I’m finished giving him the time of his life... he won’t even remember who Joyce is.”

The girls all giggled again. “Let’s go get some punch! I heard some of the boys saying they were going to spike it!” The group retreated out of the bathroom.

Joyce emerged from her hiding place.

Shock.

It was not a word powerful enough to describe quite how she was feeling in that moment. Her jaw hung open and she gazed absently around the room, looking for confirmation that she wasn’t dreaming. That simply could not have truly just happened.

Joyce had only been in there to find a moment to relax in peace and quiet and get away from everyone. Of course Chrissy and her band of mean girls had to enter at the exact same time.

He said that after the dance we could get a room down the street.

Joyce ran to the nearest sink and braced her hands on either side of it. She turned the faucet on and splashed cold water onto her face. Her lipstick was still perfectly in place as she looked at herself in the mirror once more. She wasn't going to let this ruin her night. She patted her face dry with a paper towel and then left the bathroom.

Keeping her head low, she headed in the direction that lead back towards the gymnasium.

“Joyce?”

She halted at the sound of his voice. Slowly, she spun around on her heels to face him. She swore she stopped breathing in that exact moment. He was wearing a black suit with a white button up under shirt and a black tie. His hair was trimmed and combed back. He looked very dashing and Joyce couldn't remember the last time she saw him like this--if ever. The look he was giving back to her, told her that their thoughts weren't very different.

“Hi...” she finally mustered before turning to walk away.

“Joyce, wait!” Jim called out to her.

But she did not slow her pace. She did not turn to look at him. Instead, she kept going in the direction of the gymnasium, but instead of going there, she cut down to the mathematics hallway.

Jim hurried after her, eventually closing the gap between them and when he did, he took hold of her arm. He froze in shock when Joyce wrenched her arm out of his grasp and threw him an icy glare.

“Joyce, what's wrong?” Jim asked, frankly taken aback by her behavior. It seemed like all his question did was worsen her mood.

“You better get out there Hop,” she spat back at him, “there's a woman awaiting your attention.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

Joyce flung her hands up in frustration, “Chrissy? Ringing any bells?

You're getting a room for the two of you!"

Jim stopped dead in his tracks, staring at her incredulously. He could not have heard the words that just came out of her mouth correctly. She was already walking away from him again, but he took hold of her hand. Joyce spun around and met his eye, though there was still anger in her gaze, there was also hurt. She did not pull away from him as resolutely as she had the first time. Instead, she averted her gaze, not at all wanting to look at him.

"Look Hopper, I'm sorry, okay?!" She blurted out. "I only agreed to come here with Lonnie to make you jealous. And I only broke up with you because I was mad at you!"

Jim watched her, his eyes softening. A horrible feeling churned in his stomach. He hated seeing her distressed, and he hated being the cause of it. But really, the idea of the past week's events seemed almost laughable to him now. Joyce knew he loved her and he knew that she loved him. They spent the last week desperately trying to get back at each other over something so silly.

"I only brought Chrissy here to make you jealous too." He admitted.

"And that's the reason you're getting a room?" She shot back with a scoff.

"Don't be ridiculous baby, I'm not getting a room with her. You know she means nothing to me." He tried to speak gently.

"Then why is she telling everyone that you are?"

Jim moved towards her, ducking his head closer to hers as he tried to cup her cheek. He just wanted to calm her. "Joyce listen to me, I'm not getting a room with Chrissy. I'm sorry I brought her here tonight. I'm sorry that all of this started over something so stupid. I never wanted her. It's always been you Joyce. And it always will be."

Joyce closed her eyes and leaned into his touch as he held her face in his hands. "I don't want to fight anymore. I'm tired of fighting." She whispered.

"So am I," Jim took Joyce's hand in his, caressing her open palm

gently with his thumb. “Joyce...” he said softly and met her gaze, “I don’t want to lose you. I can’t lose you.”

The words rung out around them and then there was silence. The truth can be a heavy thing, and in that moment, both of them alike felt its weight. They knew if they kept fighting in this way that it would only lead them down a road of destruction and heartbreak. One where they would both lose each other. Neither one of them could bear to think of that.

“You won’t,” she promised.

Jim smiled at her response.

“Do you want to go back to the dance? They’re playing one of your favorite songs.” Joyce offered.

They both listened as the lyrics to Little Richard’s Lucille played off in the distance.

“Lucille , please, come back where you belong. I been good to you, baby, please, don’t leave me alone.”

“It’s a slow one,” Joyce teased.

Jim smiled at her and moved to wrap his arms around her waist. “I was actually thinking we could go somewhere else to take things slow,” He pulled her towards him so that her body was flush against his. He could feel Joyce’s heart beating at a rapid pace. “You know my favorite part about us fighting all the time?” He asked with a chuckle.

Joyce found herself holding her breath, waiting for him to answer his own question, although she was pretty certain she already knew the answer. “Hmm?” She hummed.

He gave her a sly smile. His face moved closer, his lips nearly touching hers as he whispered, “Making up.”

Joyce grinned and before she could respond, his lips were on hers. He was gentle at first, nibbling at her bottom lip before they got more demanding, firmly massaging hers. Moaning, Joyce curled her hands

around his neck as she kissed him back, moving her lips against his, shivering as heat flushed through her body.

He lifted her easily off the ground and her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist. Her arms were still hooked tightly around his neck and she pressed her body against his, as his lips continued to kiss hers. Jim ran his tongue along her bottom lip before biting it gently. She let out a small gasp at the gesture.

Hardly able to control himself any longer, Jim stumbled forward, pressing Joyce's back against the nearest classroom door. She moaned into his mouth as his tongue continued to dance with hers. Unhooking her arms from his neck, she gripped his shoulder for support with one hand and used the other to reach around and turn the door's knob.

Jim stepped inside the classroom and kicked the door shut with his foot. He pulled away from her suddenly, both of them out of breath. They looked around the dark classroom, both of them taking a few minutes for their eyes to adjust to the darkness. "Oh my God, we're in Cooper's classroom." Joyce said, throwing her head back as she laughed.

"Well I hope he doesn't mind if we borrow it," Jim said with a smile. He held her up with one arm and used the other to clear off a section of the desk at the front of the room.

"Hopper," Joyce breathed against his lips as he pressed her down onto Cooper's desk.

His mouth attacked her throat, his stubble scratching against her skin as his teeth scraped just above her collarbone. Exhaling a trembling breath, Joyce surrendered to his touch and let him pull her up into a sitting position so he could pull her dress over her head. Jim tossed it to the floor as he reached an arm around to unclasp her bra, pressing hot kisses along her shoulder blade as he did so. She shrugged out of her bra and he tossed that away alongside her dress.

The chilled air in the room had already hardened her nipples and Jim's intense stare made them peek up, begging earnestly for attention.

Jim smiled as he pushed her back down onto the desk once more and Joyce smiled back, gasping as he flicked his tongue over her nipple. He sucked it between his lips, his teeth nibbling on the sensitive flesh.

“Hop...” Joyce moaned, her hands gripping his head when his mouth started to kiss dangerously slow down over her belly, resting right above the hem of her tights.

Jim peered up at her with a devious look in his eyes, “I told you we’re going to take things slow tonight.” With that, he hooked his fingers around the waistband of her tights and panties and slowly pulled them down. His fingers slid steadily down from her waist, to her hips, and then all the way down her legs to her toes.

From there, Jim started at her toes and worked his way back up her body, intent on giving her more pleasure than she had ever felt before. His teeth grazed against her smooth, silken skin as his tongue licked and sucked in various spots.

“Please,” Joyce tossed her head back, her body arched almost completely off the desk as she begged him to end the sweet torment he was performing on her body. “C’mon Hop! I want you.”

Jim scraped his teeth across her hip before he raised his head to look at her. His blue eyes met her brown ones, both of their gazes heavy with lust. “You have me, baby.”

A groaning sound was ripped from her throat, “You know what I mean.”

With a grin on his lips, Jim shook his head. “Slow, Joyce. We’re taking things slow.” After a week of not being able to touch her, to worship her and love her, he was intent on taking his sweet time in reacquainting himself with her body. He wanted to drive her absolutely insane with need.

A whimper escaped her mouth as he lowered his head once more to trail hot, open mouthed kisses along her inner thighs. She wanted him desperately. She didn’t know how much more she was going to be able to take and they only just started. She was all for taking

things slow--but this was agonizingly slow.

He pushed her legs further apart and kneeled before her. He licked at his lips at the sight of her and with anticipation. Joyce shuddered as she felt his hot breath blow against her.

Slowly, she felt Jim's fingers move her lower lips apart, exposing all of her to him. She bit her lower lip to keep from crying out as his tongue found her wet center. Slowly, his tongue traced circles on her clit, over and over. He began to flick his tongue against her wetness, touching her just enough to make her squirm. He grazed his teeth over her clit and Joyce's fingers tangled into his hair.

Jim slid a single digit inside her all at once, making her moan aloud. He pumped it in and out at a steady pace, plunging deeper each time as he continued. He added his middle finger, now pumping both into her slow and steady. His eyes were on her the entire time, watching as Joyce turned her head to the side, closing her eyes tight, and moaning sweet music to his ears.

Joyce writhed in pleasure as he went deeper, and she wrapped her legs around him to push him even closer to her quivering sex. She could feel the start of her climax build up as his fingers curled inside her into a 'come hither' motion. His mouth was back on her center at once, sucking on her clit between his lips and his tongue swirling. This, added with his fingers still thrusting into her, and the feel of his stubble brushing against her thighs from time to time, made the warmth that was pooling in the pit of Joyce's stomach grow deeper and deeper. She could feel herself getting so close to the edge.

She sat up using her elbows as support, her eyes barely open enough to see his features--to see his hair against her skin, this man that she loved, worshipping her between her legs, so focused on her pleasure--on fulfilling her desire, as well as his own. Her eyes fluttered closed once again and she squeezed them tighter. Her back arched and she dipped her head back, her fingers reaching out to clutch onto his hair tightly. Subconsciously she moved closer to him, pushing her desire into his face more.

"Fuck, Jim," she moaned. Her breathing became short, and continued to grow shorter as it hitched in her throat. She could feel herself

pushing past the edge of no control.

“Cum Joyce,” He says and it’s all she needs to bring her undone.

“Oh my God,” she mumbled in a barely audible voice. Her entire body shuddered all at once. She could feel her walls clench and tighten around his fingers that were still thrusting relentlessly into her. Her muscles of her inner thighs tightened as well. All of the burning warmth that was pooled into her belly spread itself slowly throughout her entire body. Her hands, which were holding onto his hair tightly, began to slowly loosen their grip as she came down from her high.

His fingers slipped out of her and he maneuvered himself so that he was now hovering over top of her.

Joyce smiled as she reached up to hook her arms around his neck, pulling him down into a deep kiss. Their tongues swirled together and she could taste how sweet she was, with just a hint of bitterness. The product of her own want for him. The pleasure caused only by him.

As she continued to kiss him, her lips being bruised in the process, she gripped the collar of his suit jacket and stripped it off. Jim opened his arms to help her shrug it off. Her hands toyed with the buttons of his dress shirt, unbuttoning each as quickly as she could. Fuck going slow when she was in control. She stripped that off of him as well, tossing it to the side with the pile of clothes that was beginning to build up on the floor.

She pulled away from his kisses long enough for her eyes to drink in the sight of him. Ever since joining the football team, his usual lean frame had toned out. She raked her fingernails down his chest as he sucked and nipped at various spots on her neck, being sure to leave marks. He wanted everyone to know what they did here tonight, to know that she was still his.

Joyce’s lips mimicked his own, against his neck, planting kisses as her hands moved to unbuckle his belt. She unbuttoned and unzipped his pants eagerly, pulling away from his neck so she could completely take his pants off. She pulled them down with both hands, Jim

shifting to help her. He kicked them off in one swift motion. Joyce licked her lips, seeing him in his navy briefs, and slipped her fingers in the waistband. She pulled them down his legs, taking them off as well and tossing them aside. She watched as his cock sprung out, hard and throbbing for her, precum already oozing from the tip.

She took his cock in one hand, holding him at the base to guide him inside her.

Jim halted her movements suddenly, gently gripping her wrist to move her hand away.

“Joyce.” He warned.

She looked up at him with her big brown eyes and whimpered. She positioned herself below him and began to move beneath him, thrusting her hips up to meet his as she ground against him.

“Slow. Damn it, Joyce. Go slow.”

“I can’t.”

Jim wrapped an arm around her torso, pulling her impossibly further against him. Giving in, and not wanting to torture her any longer, he thrust his entire self into her, filling her up entirely.

Joyce cried out loudly, causing Jim to clasp a hand down on her mouth. “Shhhh, baby, don’t want anyone to hear us.”

She could feel him fill her all the way up to the hilt. She moaned loudly against his mouth, pleasure shooting through her as she tightened around him. He groaned in return, pulling out entirely from her.

She whimpered again in response, causing Jim to chuckle softly. He once again thrust himself into her.

Joyce moaned again, stretching her arms out around her in response, knocking various classroom instruments off of Cooper’s desk.

Seeing the effect he was having on her, Jim stopped playing his game of taking things slow entirely. Instead, he now thrust himself into her

fast and hard. He didn't even give her a chance to steadily adjust to his pace.

He replaced his hand with his mouth, kissing her with a fiery passion mixed with want, need, and possessiveness.

Joyce groaned and dug her fingernails into his back as he plunged in and out of her at an unforgiving and relentless pace. Once more the feeling of warmth pooling up in the pit of her belly. She knew that her inevitable release was beginning to build up.

Jim grunted as he gripped her hips tightly, leaving bruises. He groaned loudly, burying his face in her neck, allowing the pleasure that her tight cunt was giving him to course through him entirely.

“Jim,” Joyce moaned his name into his ear. In return, she felt Jim’s hands tighten on her hips, making her back arch for him. She let out another loud moan as he kept going--and going, and going. Her entire body felt hot.

Her breath hitched in her throat once more and she felt him let go of his tight grip on her hips. He moved his arms up to cup her face in his hands, pressing kisses all over her face. She reached out an arm, her hand clutching onto the edge of the desk as tight as possible, her knuckles white.

“Fuck, Hopper, please,” She begged.

Jim groaned loudly after she spoke. “I’m so fucking close baby.”

The room was filled entirely with the sound of their pleasures.

Then it finally came, where Joyce finally fell over the edge once more. She moaned his name loudly as the feel of the familiar warmth spread through her. Her toes tingled as she clenched around him, soaking his hard cock with her juices, dripping down her thighs and all over him.

And then Jim followed soon after her. She could feel his cock twitch inside of her, his hot cum filling her up, as he let out one last groan of satisfaction. He threw his head back in pleasure. His thrusts slowed, sighing heavily as he finally felt his own release. Once he

finished, he pulled out of her slowly, his eyes looking at their intertwined bodies.

He placed one last soft kiss against her lips. When he pulled away to look down at her, they were both smiling at each other. “I love you,” she whispered.

Jim closed his eyes, the words were like music to his ears. He pressed his lips to her forehead, “And I you,” he replied.

He climbed off of her so that he was now standing. Reaching his hands out, he took her own into his and gently helped her up from the desk.

Quickly, they hurried to put their clothes back on. Jim finished dressing first. He bent over to pick up the various objects that Joyce had knocked off the desk. He held up a plastic pencil sharpener that was cracked along with a broken tape dispenser.

Once she was fully clothed, Joyce looked up. She laughed with a shrug at the broken objects. “Oops.”

Jim laughed with her, “Fuck it.” He tossed the objects back on the desk. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw movement at one of the classroom windows. Looking in that direction, he breathed her name out, “Joyce.”

She looked up at him as she placed other various objects from the floor back onto the desk. She followed his gaze to the window to see flakes of snow shimmering under a street light. A cheerful demeanor lit up her face and she smiled a smile that reached her eyes. She held out an outstretched arm towards Jim, offering him her hand. He took it and allowed her to lead him out of the classroom. She hurried, nearly dragging him behind her through the high school’s halls. They finally reached the main doors and Joyce let go of Jim’s hand to push them open.

The cold, crisp air hit her skin instantly and she relished in it. Joyce ran to the middle of the parking lot and looked up at the sky as the snowflakes continued to fall. She spun around in a circles a few times, laughing. She held up a hand and caught a few snowflakes on

her palm, watching as they melted away into tiny droplets. “Look at them Hopper! Isn’t it beautiful?”

“It sure is,” he admitted, but he wasn’t talking about the snow. He moved to stand next to her, staring down at her as she continued to stare at the sky.

Joyce averted her gaze to him. They were standing so close that Jim could see each crystal of snow that stuck to her eyelashes. She reached up and trailed her fingertips over his cheeks and down his jaw. She pulled him down towards her mouth.

The gentle touch of her lips to his made his heart stir. When she pulled away her eyes fluttered open to look into his blue ones. He reached an arm into his back pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He held the pack up between them and Joyce smiled.

They found Jim’s car in the parking lot and leaned back against it. Jim took out his lighter and flicked the flame up, lighting a cigarette. He took one short inhale before passing it over to her. She was looking at him carefully. “What?” He asked.

“Hop...” She spoke softly and averted her eyes down to the ground. “What do you think we’ll be like twenty, twenty-five years from now?”

Jim raised an eyebrow at her question. He wasn’t expecting it and he could tell it was something she had been wanting to ask him for a while now. He let out a sigh and moved to wrap his arms around her, pulling her close against him. He held her close as she wrapped her arms around his waist, returning his embrace. He ran a hand through her hair and placed a kiss on top of her head before answering, “Just like this.”

(XxXxXxXxXxX)

Hawkins 1983

Joyce stood in the parking lot of Hawkin’s Middle School, leaning against her 76’ Ford Pinto. She looked at the ground, her mind plagued with thoughts of everything that had happened. It had been

one month since Eleven closed the gate, but her nightmares never stopped. Even now, as she stood outside the gymnasium, listening to the music from the Snow Ball, she wondered if her life would ever go back to some sense of normalcy.

Her thoughts were interrupted and she felt his presence before he spoke, "Hey."

Looking up, she smiled as Jim walked towards her, "Hey."

"Thought I might find you out here."

She shifted nervously the closer he got. "Will wanted me to give him some space," she shrugged a shoulder, "so I'm giving him a few feet."

Jim smiled and pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket. He tapped on the box twice, "What do you say? I'm pretty sure that Mr. Cooper retired in the 70s so we might be okay." He joined her against the car, their legs brushing against each other.

He took out his lighter and lit a cigarette between his fingers.

Joyce placed a trembling hand over her arm and gazed up at him. She couldn't help but smile at how the two of them had come full circle. It seemed that only yesterday they were at their own winter dance, sharing a cigarette out in the parking lot. She watched as he inhaled a hit, before passing it over to her. "Gimme that," she said as their fingers brushed together.

She took one hit and had to stifle a cough. He really was smoking the strong ones these days. But she supposed he needed them with how their lives had been in just the past year. She handed it back to him and her gaze fell back to the ground.

"How are you holding up?" His voice broke their silence.

Her hand came to her lips and she fought the urge to bite her nails—a nervous habit she had taken up recently. "You know."

"Yeah, that feeling never goes away." Jim took another hit, blowing the smoke out before continuing, "It is true what they say, you know. Every day it does get a little easier." He passed her the cigarette once

more.

She breathed in another hit, but didn't meet his eye. She glanced up at him, wanting to believe him, that one day this she would wake up and this nightmare would be over forever.

Sensing her distress, Jim wrapped an arm around her, hugging her against his side. Holding his hand on her shoulder, he pulled her close. She placed her hand overtop of his, intertwining their fingers together as his thumb traced comforting circles on her arm.

Joyce closed her eyes and allowed herself to fully submit. She snuggled into his chest, wishing that she could freeze this moment in time. Where her and Jim could stay forever. Just like this.